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T.B. Reinhold

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Table of Contents

Literary Department— Page

The Turning of a Joke (Marion Kirkwood, '12) 3

The Final Test (O. Sommer, '10) 4

Williams' Lake (P. S. Wetmore, '11) 7

Springtime—Poem (Will Richardson, '10) 8

An Airship Mania (Paul Tissot, '13) 9

Jim's Chance (Orin E. Hollingbery, '11) 11

Editorials 17

Exchanges 17

Shop Notes 20

School Notes 24

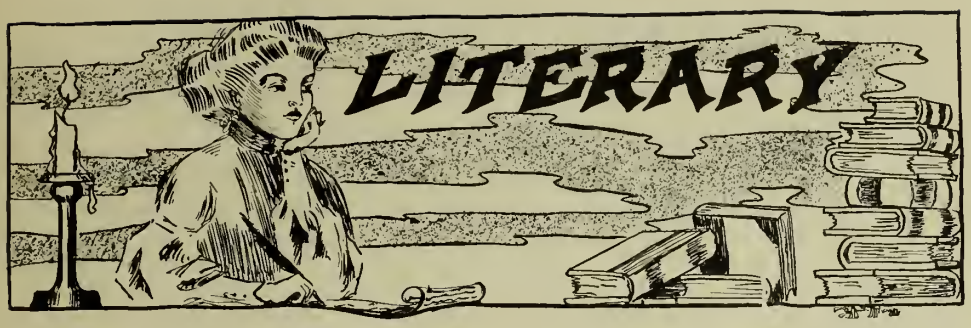
Alumni Notes 29

Athletics 31

Technical Department 35

The Hydroplane (Howard G. Schemp, '11).

Jokes 36



The Turning of a Joke

Marion Kirkwood, '12.

I enjoy nothing better than to play a joke on my sister Ella. One day we found ourselves standing on a very crowded street-car bound for town. Ella was going to do a little shopping. As I stood beside her in the car and noticed her purse looking at me very temptingly from her coat pocket, I thought to relieve her of it and let her discover its absence later on, would be a good joke. So, attracting her attention to something outside the window, I proceeded to take possession. As I stepped from the car I noticed that the young lady standing behind Ella gave me a rather amused look.

As the afternoon wore on and my sister had not yet put in an appearance, as I expected she would, I became uneasy. The thought then came to me that maybe she did not carry her shopping money in that purse. I took it out to see and sat as one dazed. It was not Ella's purse, for she always carried a small gold pencil. These were not Ella's things! What had I done? How had I made the mistake? Many such questions forced themselves upon me, but the main one was, What can I do to find the owner? Report the affair to the police? Yes, but what would they do? And then a reporter would be sure to get hold of the story and the affair would certainly look nice in print. Perhaps an ad would find the owner: "Found—Saturday, about one o'clock, on an Eddy-street car, a black patent-leather purse. Owner can have same by calling at this office," and so on.

At this point I was interrupted and did not get a chance to think of the purse again until after I had arrived home that evening. To my sister I said nothing. The next day I put my ad in the paper. A week passed and I was still in possession of that purse, which by this time was haunting me in my dreams.

Saturday afternoon rolled around once again. My friend George White dropped in and insisted on my going with him to his home in Mill Valley for over Sunday. I found that my friend had a very charming sister. Where had I seen that face before? It bothered me all evening.

At the breakfast table the next morning a remark was passed about the purse ad in the paper. Why did Miss White look at me the way she did? It made me feel very uneasy. I made a joking remark about the ad and hoped the thing would be dropped. Fate was against me. Everyone seemed very much interested about that old ad. Would they never stop talking about it?

Later in the day I was enjoying Miss White's company when she alluded to that purse ad again. "I am going to answer that ad," she said, "for on the

same Saturday afternoon I had my pocket picked by someone while riding on an Eddy-street car, and although the ad said the purse had been *found*, it is possible that the thief has repented and wishes to find the owner." She then described the purse she had lost and it was an exact description of the one which I now held in my possession.

"Repented" rang through my brain. I certainly had repented long before this, and had resolved never again to play such a joke on my sister. I thought the affair over and decided that a clear statement of the whole thing was the only way out of it.

After dinner I sought Miss White and with some difficulty proceeded to tell her all. When I had finished my story, how she did laugh! I did not see anything very funny about it and I had the feeling that I was being laughed at.

At last she said, "Now let me tell you my story."

"Her story," I said to myself. "What is coming now?"

"It was like this," she went on, "although I had never met you until yesterday, I knew you by sight and had often heard my brother tell of the jokes you liked to play on your sister. So when I saw you preparing to take your sister's purse I just slipped mine beside her's and thought, "Now the joke will be on him."

I returned to the city the next day with a great load lifted from my mind, and thoughts of the new friend who had done it.

The Final Test

O. Sommer, '10.

It was the last two weeks of the training season for the annual regatta on Lake Seymour between the Brown and Glencove universities. The small groups of students gathered on the Brown University campus were in high hopes of winning the regatta. Glencove, their old traditional rival, had lost two men of their crew and two substitutes had to be put in their places. Dick Hanlan, their big stroke, was on the verge of "quitting the job," while, on the contrary, everything was progressing nicely with Brown's crew.

Dan Sweeney, Brown's coach, was conversing with an enthusiastic group of students. "Yes," he was saying, "our hopes for winning this year are certainly good. John Camden, at stroke, is the rival of Halman, Glencove's stroke, for size, and his experience of last year should aid him in keeping a level head. Every man in this year's crew is of the right stuff and they row like a perfect machine."

"That Henry Sonders, rowing number two is a jim-dandy. Though not of the size of Camden, he is certainly a sinewy lad and handles his oar to perfection. But there is one fault with him. He rowed with some boat club in California and he is always rowing ahead of the rest of the crew. He kicks at the slow recovery of Camden and would have it that the crew row forty-five strokes to the minute instead of thirty-five. He may be right but the rest of the crew could never keep up with such a stroke. Your Captain Bernard admires Sonders' rowing but Camden is the man for the stroke position." Just then the university bells tolled the hour of nine o'clock and the students separated for their various lecture rooms.

Such was the confidence of the coach and the students at Brown University two weeks prior to the day of the big regatta.

It was Thursday now and the big regatta was coming off on Saturday. The same group of students were listening to the drawling tones of Dan Sweeney. But there was a different twang to his words. The students each had a look on his face as if the world had come to an end.

"My early fears," Sweeney was saying, "have come to be realized. That big fellow Camden always did have a big 'yellow streak' in him, but I had thought that he was cured of it. As soon as he heard that Glencove had gotten her veteran men back in the crew again, he seemed to lose all interest in the coming event and now he 'throws up the sponge.' Well, I guess it's up to us to send in an excuse of a crew anyway, but I have—Hey, there, Sonders! Oh, Sonders!" and Sweeney went on to speak with Henry Sonders, the tall, frank-faced young Freshman walking dejectedly in the distance.

"Well, Sonders, I have decided that you are the man for the stroke position since you pull the best oar on the stroke side. Have you ever stroked a crew before?"

"Yes, I have," answered Sonders.

"Where?" asked Sweeney.

"Out West in a boat club. I stroked the winning crew of the last year's regatta."

"Great heavens, man!" exclaimed Sweeney, "are you—well, I'll be blowed if I ever stopped to think of you as the man who stroked that game young bunch of juniors that made such a sensation at the Exposition regatta. Well, see here man, you have got to save your college from defeat next Saturday and I know you can do it, but let me tell you one thing, keep a level head and don't row any faster than thirty-five at the utmost. We will try you at stroke to-night and put that first sub in your place. Good-by."

Sonders was so elated over the fact that he was going to stroke his college's crew that he had not been able to tell Sweeney what he thought of the pace with which he was so disgusted. That night was the last night of light training before the race, so Sonders went down to the boat-house bound not to say a word about the number of strokes to be rowed. The short row was soon over with, and the crew, though not trusting the ability of Sonders at stroke, nevertheless rowed to his stroke even with greater ease than they had behind big John Camden. The swing with which he recovered was unusually easy to follow.

It was the morning of the big annual regatta between Brown and Glencove. Everywhere along the three-mile course on either side were countless numbers of launches and yachts of all descriptions. Everywhere were the small canoes and rowboats, the occupants of which were eager to get a good view of the race. About a quarter of a mile from the finish on either side of the course was the main rooting section of each college, each on a giant river steamer. Never before had there been such a large number of students and people to see a regatta. The day was ideal. The crisp spring air and the pleasing warmth of the April sun seemed to imbue the rooters with vim and vigor.

But on the Brown side of the course ran a general feeling of "What chance has Sonders against a giant like Dick Hanlan?" Still they would cheer for the crew with all their characteristic loyalty. And they certainly did.

On the barge containing the crew representative of Brown University, Dan Sweeney was giving his advice to Sonders, who listened half-heartedly and seemed to have no life in him until Sweeney left the barge on some

business. Then calling the crew around him, and with a tremor in his voice, he began: "Well, fellows, you all know what you are here for to-day. You have trained hard and faithfully for two long and tiresome months and now comes the final test, the test which decides whether that crew over there are better stickers than we are. Don't let size worry you in the least. The men who win will be the men that keep a level head and the men who can pull on their oars till they see stars, till they drop with exhaustion. Now I know from previous experiences that the stroke that you have been taught to row is a little too slow, so fellows, when I make the recovery faster, everyone follow it, and for every bit of the time that your oar is in the water make it count, and pull for all that is in you; and above all keep a level head."

The crews were off at the pop of the gun. Both got an even break and every man pulled with a nicety born of long, faithful training. Sonders was striving his utmost to keep himself down, to make the stroke slow, but as he saw Glencove very gradually pull ahead, and when he heard the taunts of big Jack Hanlan, his anger arose and, as if he were once more stroking his boat crew out West, he started a quick recovery with the result that the number seven man missed water and "crabbed." Such a disaster to a hot and excitable stroke would have meant defeat, but with a calm determination so characteristic of Sonders, he again cooled down and set such a long and easy stroke that the crew soon came back to their senses. Every man followed Sonders with that long and easy heave as if they had rowed behind him for years. Amidst the din of the thousands of whistles and horns and the yells of the frantic throngs, could be heard remarks on the form of Brown's crew. Such a perfect machine of moving and straining men was a sight which caused the thousands of human throats to cheer them as they passed.

Only one mile left and Glencove easily a length and a half in the lead. But Sonders, cheered on by the mention of his name, strove to keep the stroke long and make every one count. His support from the rest of the crew was perfect. Never before had people witnessed such a graceful and easy stroke.

One half a mile left and Glencove still was in the lead by one length, but still Sonders kept his long and easy swing and, as they neared the rooting sections ordinarily the crew would have spurted, but Sonders kept the same easy pace. "Why don't you row faster," was the retort coming from all sides. "Don't row for form alone." But Sonders still kept his easy swing. Glencove's crew on the other hand, following the quick-killing pace of their confident big stroke, Hanlan, were showing an extra burst of speed past the rooting section. They were now a length and a quarter in the lead and only a quarter of a mile to go. But that one spurt was fatal. The wagging heads of all but Hanlan was soon noticed by the alert coxswain in Brown's shell. When Sonders learned of this state of affairs he was so thrilled that he made the stroke faster, at the same time keeping the long swing, for he knew that the other crew had gone almost their limit.

Four hundred yards further, and Glencove three-quarters of a length in the lead. Sonders now set the stroke that he wanted so much. With a steadiness as if he had gone only one mile, he constantly kept increasing the number of strokes until he got his much applauded "forty-five" working. And such a stroke! Every man in the crew followed with perfect harmony. Sonders' tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. Before his eyes appeared little black spots, "stars," as they were termed by him. And still he kept the perfect stroke. Every man followed. He must make it faster. Something cracked in the boat but he must win the race. Everyone was cheering loudly for him to pull harder.

A look of anger came to his face as he saw the laughing face of the coxswain, who had thrown water in his face. "Slip it here, old man," he was saying, "we won."

"Is the race over?" gasped Sonders, and when he heard the cheer given Brown by the Glencove crew, he knew.

When Sonders awoke from his sleep two hours later he was first greeted by Dan Sweeney. "Well, Sonders, I guess you made a 'rep' for yourself today. I thought the crew might row 40 at a pinch, but I'll be blowed if I ever saw an eight-oar shell going at the rate of 48 strokes to the minute."

Williams' Lake

P. S. Wetmore, '11.

One bright morning in early May three sturdy young Californians started out on a camping trip in the northern Sierra Nevada. Williams, the eldest, led the little calvacade up the steep slopes into the upper mountains. Following Williams was his brother Ted and his chum, George Smithson, who led the pack-horse.

They had nearly missed coming, as news of an uprising of the Pitt Indians had been brought to them a month before, but as nothing more had been heard concerning it, they concluded it had been a rumor and started off.

The third day after starting brought them to a place suitable for a camp, near a little boiling mountain torrent which emptied into a blue lake a half mile beyond. Here they intended to stop for about a month, hunting and exploring the surrounding mountains, expecting to have good sport, as plenty of signs of game were visible.

The first day in camp was spent in making and constructing a rude shelter of bark to keep them from the cold, as, high up as they were, the nights were biting. On the second day they separated to hunt, and on their return to camp young Smithson said he had sighted a herd of deer. All decided to look them up on the following day.

Starting early the next morning they were surprised to find, about a mile from camp, a trail made by several people walking in single file. As no boot marks were visible they concluded they must be Indians, but thought no more about the matter as they became absorbed in trailing the deer.

About four o'clock that afternoon they came upon the herd and succeeded in getting one apiece. Each shouldered his stag and started back to camp. When a short distance from camp young Williams, not being as strong as the other two, stopped to rest. This action probably saved his life. He had just picked up his load and started after the others when a sudden yell startled him, followed by the report of firearms. Running forward he found his brother lying on the ground, a bullet in his hip, and young Smithson beside him shot through the heart. At this moment the savages caught sight of him and started with a war-whoop toward him. He turned and ran down the little stream toward the lake. Being a good runner he managed to hold his own, even gaining a bit on his pursuers. As he fled he rapidly formulated a plan to escape from the Indians until dark, which was close at hand, knowing he could get away under cover of night.

Before long he came to the lake, and his pursuers being hidden from him by a bend in the stream, he jumped into the shallow water, ran a dozen yards and then leaped as far as he could into the bushes. By doing this he hoped

to throw the savages off his track long enough to enable him to hide and wait for darkness, when he would start home for help.

When the Indians came to the lake, their quarry not being in sight, they could not tell which way he had gone, so they separated, one half going one way around the lake and the other half the other way. It was almost dark before they found his trail, but Williams managed to keep ahead of them until nightfall.

As soon as the Indians had gone off after his brother, the elder Williams, despite the fact that his leg was useless and causing him considerable pain, dragged himself into the woods and hid in an old hollow stump. All night he lay there, hearing now and then the Indians, who were evidently hunting him, but he managed to keep out of sight until they departed late the next day. He then crawled to the stream and managed to live by painfully gathering and collecting roots and berries which he ate.

Four days later Ted Williams arrived at his home nearly starved and almost dead from exposure. Despite this he started on horseback the next morning with fifteen others to find his brother whom he had last seen writhing on the ground. Several days later they cautiously approached the lake near the camp, fearful that the Indians might still be near. One of the party heard a noise and seeing an object move raised his gun and fired. His aim was true and on running forward they found the man they were looking for mortally wounded.

Williams was made as comfortable as was possible under the circumstances, but he could not survive the second wound. He lived about an hour and told the story of how he escaped. Having seen enough of the Indians he was able to give a good description of them, and they were recognized as a party of young braves who had broken from their reservation in the north a couple of weeks before. Williams was buried at the side of the little lake, which to this day is known as Williams' Lake.

Springtime

Will Richardson, '10.

Spring is here with vernal showers,
Little buds now burst in flowers.
Joy and flowers, flowers, spring,
Doth not one the other bring?

When perplexities arise
That seem to tower to the skies,
Will not flowers, Nature's signs,
Help us out in our designs?

Hear the robin, pretty bird,
Sweetest song for months I've heard.
Doth not Nature, by her art,
Breathe love of labor in the heart?

When we're by puzzling problems pressed
That solve not tho' we try our best,
Will not a carol from without
Put strength in us to fight it out?

An Airship Mania

PAUL TISSOT, '13.

Sitting on the veranda of the Eastern Aero Club at Grand Rapids, Michigan, one December evening were three men, smoking and talking of airships, aeroplanes and balloons,—of speeding along in the air and of winning prizes for their speed and endurance. In a corner of the veranda sat Charles Curtis Mobley, a young man of twenty-one, listening intently, but taking no part in the conversation. He noticed the three were careless in laying their plans for a racing aeroplane, with a small, lightweight, but durable engine, one that could fly all day without stopping.

These men were talking of what they were going to do, but not of how they were going to do it. This was the problem that lay in the mind of Charles Mobley. He did not have time to talk of his future plans as they had done; he had time to think only of inventing a small engine that would defeat all others, one that would bring in coveted prizes and make him a rich man. He knew that the time for the great National Aerial races was drawing near, and he would have but a short time to accomplish his task.

Three weeks passed by. Never once did Charles Mobley visit the Aero Club. He did not even appear at his place at the cashier window of the Bank of Grand Rapids, where he had been employed.

One night Mr. George Winchester, president of the bank, rang Mobley's doorbell. The ring was answered by Rogers, Mobley's trusted servant.

"I wish to see Mr. Mobley," said Mr. Winchester, who, we shall find, was a personal friend of Mobley's.

Rogers had received instructions from Mobley not to admit anyone, therefore he answered, "Mr. Mobley is very busy, sir, and can see no one."

Wondering at this, he asked again, on the plea that the bank had been robbed, and the head clerk had disappeared, and Mobley was needed to help straighten up accounts.

Rogers left the doorway, walked down the hall and out through the back door. By the light from within, Winchester saw him cross the yard and enter a small, low barn, with no windows, but with light pouring out of a skylight. Rogers soon came out, closed the door securely after him, and ran back to the house, innocent of having been seen by Winchester, who had noted his every move.

"Mr. Mobley is very ill, sir," said Rogers as he approached the doorway again, "and told me to recommend myself to help you."

Mr. Winchester had nothing to say but "Good-night."

He did not go home when he left, but made his way cautiously toward the barn. The light which he had noticed before, pouring through the skylight made him believe that the place was occupied.

"Why would they bring Mobley out here if he was sick?" Winchester questioned himself. His curiosity caused him to climb up on the roof and look down the skylight, but just as he put his face near the opening the light from within was put out, for he had not been cautious enough.

Thinking that he had been seen he dropped from the roof and hurriedly walked away, not, however, without wonder growing in his mind.

A week later George Winchester received the following letter:

"No. 742 Hyland Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich., December 5, 1913.

"Mr. Winchester, Dear Sir:—

"Knowing you to be a personal friend of Mr. George Mobley, I have taken the liberty to write to you concerning him.

"About a month ago Mr. Mobley decided, after hearing much talk about aeroplanes, to build a racer equipped with an engine of his own invention, which he would enter in the coming meet at St. Louis. Since then he has been working day and night in an old barn in the rear of his home, perfecting his little engine. I do not know when he sleeps, but I do know that I cannot get him to come into the house to eat. In the mornings and evenings I take him a cup of tea, but I often find the cups untouched. He may be doing some good, but his health is failing. A call from you on his behalf would be greatly appreciated. Trusting you will advise me, I remain

Most humbly yours,

ANDREW ROGERS."

"Just as I thought," mused Winchester, as he read the letter again, "I'll go and see Rogers to-morrow."

This he did. Rogers, in great excitement announced that Mr. Mobley had moved his aerial outfit to another town and would not give any address. Winchester, not knowing what else to do, decided to take Rogers away with him.

It was the day on which the greatest aeronauts of the world were to represent their different nations. Mr. George Winchester and Andrew Rogers occupied front seats in the grandstand.

One by one the aeronauts brought their aeroplanes out on the field for trial flights. A little red racing aeroplane was seen to slide out of the sheds and take its place among the others. Everyone looked amazed. How could such a tiny machine support any engine at all? Winchester and Rogers recognized the operator, and held their breaths.

In an instant the little red machine darted into the air. Around the course it went for twenty laps, making the fastest time for that distance of any trial flight. The actual time for twenty laps or forty miles, was forty minutes.

The time for the first race drew near and the field was crowded with spectators eager to know who the aeronaut was who had made such a daring flight in the little red machine.

The first race was a twenty-lap affair in which "Red Rover," representing America, two biplanes representing England, two monoplanes representing France, and a large Bleriot representing Germany, were entered.

As the pistol cracked the five large birds left the ground and ascended beautifully, but the little "Red" dropped before it had ascended ten feet. Immediately the cry went across the field, "The American's engine has failed him."

The other aeroplanes raced around the field, with one of the French monoplanes fairly in the lead, closely followed by the German Bleriot. But Winchester and Rogers were not looking at them; they had their eyes fixed on the little machine under repair.

"The American's out of it," the spectators shouted, but a minute later the machine had left the ground like a shot.

The multitudes raised the heavens with their shouts of joy and amazement. The machine fairly flew through the air, and in a short time had gained two laps on the Frenchman, who was two more laps ahead. At the first turn of the sixteenth lap, however, the American aviator increased his speed, and gradually the greater part of his rival's lead was overcome. The twentieth lap found every spectator on his feet, cheering frantically for the game little American

machine. Before half the lap was finished the two aeroplanes were flying neck and neck. Along the stretch of the last lap they came like bullets. The strain was telling on the Frenchman's engine. Another second and his spark plug blew out, leaving his car sailing along without any engine. The American seemed to have a "reserve" for he held his marvelous pace, crossed the finish line a winner by two lengths.

That night at the banquet held in honor of America's victory, Charles Mobley told of his concentrated work on the machinery of the little aeroplane which had brought the victory he had so earnestly striven for. Little did he know that the prophesies of his friends, George Winchester and the trusty Rogers, as they congratulated him, would come true:

"You will one day be the greatest inventor of aeroplanes in the world."

Edited by F. A. R.

Jim's Chance

Orin E. Hollingbery, '11.

Jim's chances were slim. In the first place he was a Freshman and he had only "subbed" in nearly all the try-out games this season, though he had worked hard and late for a position on the 'Varsity since the opening. And now he was to occupy a seat on the bench for the first game with Noring on the morrow. No sign of discontentment escaped him, for he had enough confidence in his rival, who was then classed as the foremost of college twirlers, to feel satisfied of victory.

Jim Braydon came from the lowlands, on a small farm near Borch, about eighty miles from Clemens. He was a very quiet fellow and had little time to associate with other students, as he occupied his leisure hours on odd jobs, securing money to put him through college. Jim was tall, lean and tanned, showing superb strength and health. The work on the farm had accustomed him to the strict rules of Clemens' training, so he was now in the finest trim. Although he had pitched one winning game, the opposing team was weak and was not considered a test by the coaches.

That evening Clemens was in an uproar waiting the coming struggle of the diamond, which was to be held on the Clemens' field. Thousands of enthusiastic visitors and students swarmed the campus, inspecting the different buildings. Singing and yelling was at its highest when Jim, in his dingy lighted room in the basement of Parson's dormitory, became so restless that he dashed outdoors into the cool, refreshing evening air. He strolled from place to place, at intervals nodding to slight acquaintances, but few seemed particularly interested in his existence.

While emerging from old Shad hall he nearly ran over two girls with the captain of the nine, Paul Maggert, who always caught a star game. One girl was of the type that set even Jim's heart to beating fast: a real brunette in every particular, with oval face and accompanying large, flashing eyes. She also was the picture of health and for an instant Jim's thoughts drifted back to his home and parents. He stood as if he were stone. Paul could not avoid Braydon without an insult (but such was out of the question for a man on his team), and besides, he really liked this tall pitcher from the country. Jim started as Maggert began introducing his companions, and found himself blushing as he looked down into the smiling face and took the outstretched hand of Paul's sister, Constance. She was a lover of baseball and soon was chatting freely to modest Jim on several points of the game. Barring a few compli-

mentary phrases of Paul's, they had it all to themselves to solve. Braydon wondered as they stood there at the contrast between himself and this girl. She, pretty, wealthy and of good family; he, only a poor farmer's son in shabby clothes. It surprised him to see her growing cordiality.

While they seriously discussed the control of Jim's new exclusive drop-cross ball, Roy Downie, the crack pitcher, whose name was now in many throats, came swaggering up. Roy was from one of the oldest and wealthiest families in Boston, but he was of the sort that thinks of himself first and college honors second. Yes, he was indeed handsome and for the last week had been paying marked attention to Constance, who was considered the prettiest girl then at college. Owing to his social standing, Downie ignored the presence of his under-teammate and paid elaborate greetings to the remaining three. Jim thought it time to move toward camp, and after some explanation was finally relieved from Paul's sister, but not until she had received a promise to continue the subject with him at another time. Hours after Jim had left the little group he lay awake pondering over the beautiful, smiling face of Constance Maggert.

The eventful day was at last at hand and better weather for fine team work could not have been had. Thousands filled the bleachers; automobiles stood twenty deep; the mobs surged nearly on to the field in a vain endeavor to see, and surrounding fences resembled a blossoming human tree, while bands representing both teams played popular airs. Next came the brilliant decorations of the opposing rooting sections. Flags, pennants, colored animals, and ribbons were in the respective colors of rose and nile green for Noring, blue and white for Clemens. The diamond had newly been repaired and the bounding lines measured.

Now the rooters are starting. Many patriotic songs and yells float upon the still air. Yells of defiance are thrown across the field only to echo back in the opponents' battle-cry. Down in a front box, midway between third and home, sits Paul's sister arrayed in her prettiest. Watch those eyes light up as the Clemens team trots out upon the field for "warming up" practice amid ferocious cheering. Such yelling had never been equalled on those grounds. Every one seemed mad as hats went sailing into the air, never to be found by the rightful owners.

Yes, Jim is there throwing them over with Roy Downie, who is now master of the situation. Forty thousand cheer his name and news correspondents struggle for an interview. It can easily be seen that he is fully aware of it from the way he handles himself.

Time is called now and the umpire is setting forth the rules, while Jim replaces his sweater and occupies a seat on the bench. Batteries have already been named—Clemens, Downie and Maggert; Noring, Paulson and McHew. Roy tosses a few over until the umpire calls "Play ball," and then the hardest game ever fought between two colleges is on. After "three balls" have been called on Noring's first man, Downie settles down and holds the next three men at his mercy, retiring the side in one, two, three order. Clemens' first chance to score was likewise fruitless, and thus for four innings the game rolled on without either side sending a player to first.

The left fielder for Clemens opened things up in the fifth with a safety and on a bad throw reached second. A sacrifice from Maggert brought the blue and white runner to third. With only one out, Roy stepped slowly forward, calmly selected his favorite bat amid renewed cheering, and stood ready for Paulson's curves. "Two balls" on Roy and when he turns to have a final look at a certain box between third and home, a swift, high inshoot catches him fairly on his right hand. He grasps his crushed fingers gingerly and takes first on the dead ball, meanwhile waving back his curious teammates. Although

the shortstop is robbed from three bases by a pretty catch in centerfield, the man on third romps home on the throw, starting the scoring in favor of Clemens 1—0.

A "fan" from their next batter retires Clemens to the field. Roy seems in trouble, but tries to conceal his hurt by continuing play. This proves disastrous to his team and through his wild pitching Noring nets two runs, making the score 2—1 against the home team. At the end of this inning Capt. Maggert has a hurried conversation with the head coach, then walks slowly over to Jim with downcast face, as if fearing the result. Jim knew that this was because of the last inning's work, and his veins throbbed hard at the thought of a possible chance to be in the big game. Playing meant popularity and a name at college.

Paul told him that he was to "go in" next frame and "hold down" the box. As Braydon hurriedly drew off his sweater in order to limber up with the sub catcher, he was offered advice to keep a cool head, and encouragement. Roy saw the proceeding, anticipated the result and protested loudly, but finally left the field in disgust. Clemens' warriors trotted out for the beginning of the sixth with heavy hearts. The vast crowd was silent as they espied the lanky sub walking steadily toward his position, and many feared the almost certain result.

Jim was allowed three "placers," then as the first man stood up to the plate the lines about his mouth tightened and he steadied himself for the work to come. While waiting for the catcher's signal, Clemens' rooters sent forth their first cheer for Braydon. This one touch of kindness thrilled him. His sweeping, slow delivery puzzled his antagonists and Noring's best batters either fanned or hit easily. The crowd seemed satisfied on his first showing for they sent him another rousing yell. Paul even took the time to slap him on the back and congratulate him. All this did a great deal toward winning the game for Clemens, for it put heart and courage into their only remaining pitcher.

The seventh, eighth and first part of the ninth passed without scoring. Clemens' line-up then changed for best batters first. Paul, eager to start a rally, rapped out a clean single from the first ball over. This started the excitement and the throng rose upon their feet as Bud drove to deep center only to be retired again by a pretty running catch. Meanwhile Maggert had taken second on the throw. The reliable Shere fanned in a miserable attempt to bring Paul home with a long drive. Two outs, 2—1 against them and Jim up.

With set face he picked his bat slowly, rubbed dirt on his hands and stepped up for the first ball. It came, high and swift, landing hard against the catcher's glove for strike one. Jim studied his man in a single glance, gripped still harder on the bat, only to miss for his second strike. It was do or die now, and Paul played daringly off from second, watching for an opening to run. When Paulson wound his arm for the *last* ball, he started toward third. Crack went the bat as the ball soared high over to the clubhouse corner. As Paul romped home the Clemens backers roared hoarsely with what remaining voice they possessed. But look! Jim is circling the bags with long strides as if his life was in stake. Around second he comes and dashes past third as the ball is recovered in center. Can he make it? Through the cloud of dust that follows Braydon's pretty slide, comes the umpire's voice—Safe! What cheering!

Friends look in vain for their hero, Jim, for he has long since retired to quarters. While dressing hurriedly, he is surprised to have a dainty note thrust into his hand by a messenger boy. Tearing it open he reads:

"Come to-night and we will finish our interrupted chat. C. M."

Five years have passed. Mrs. J. Braydon's auto can be seen speeding from her home on Fifth avenue toward her brother's office. And those five years have been the very happiest for all concerned.

THE TIGER

The Tiger is published every quarter by the Students of the California School of Mechanical Arts (founded by James Lick), at 16th and Utah Streets, San Francisco, Cal.

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The first "Girls' Edition" of the TIGER now greets you. The enthusiasm shown by the staff and the faculty has not been caused alone by the fact that this issue is an innovation. There seems to be a wish among the girls as well as the boys that a precedent be established for the issue of a girls' number, at Easter time. The success of this number will be very instrumental in deciding

whether that precedent will be established. The students themselves are those who will judge it. This is the girls' first experiment. Will you be lenient in your criticism? Neverthless, whether or not this book deserves as much appreciation as we hope, it is the sincere wish of the manager and editor that next year will again find the girls editing the March number of the TIGER.

F. A. R.

Sophie Felderman, '11, merits special mention for obtaining the most ads for the Girls' Issue.

It may be well to speak at this opportune time of the "Election Problem," which annually confronts the students of the Lick school. Soon each one of us must decide for himself what men will prove competent to manage the affairs of the Student Body organization. The office of President is our first consideration, though what applies to him is also applicable to the other officers. Remember that popularity is not the principal quality to look for when we make our choice. There are executive ability and energy in the individual to be looked for first.

Does your candidate know the laws of the organization? Is he well versed in the financial questions which are so important to our school? Will he be able to face emergencies? Is he a man upon whom we can depend at all times? Will he deal impartially in matters concerning student activities? Does and will he avoid being a member of a clique? (By this is meant catering to the football teams, the Debating Society, the baseball teams, or any other special interest.) Will he command the respect and hold the dignity of his office? Will we have a clean administration? These are the questions to apply to your candidate. Give him your whole support if each one can be answered with an unwavering "Yes." He is the man for the office.

A man who has served as a member of the Board of Control might be considered before one who has not; but even that should not count if your man is all else that is desired.

Remember these things. Think on them now, and do not put it off until the last moment. Juniors, it is for you especially to consider well that the supremacy of Lick is due in most part to efficient management under the Student Body officers.

F. A. R.

LINCOLN ESSAY CONTEST.

A citizen of San Francisco has offered two annual prizes to be known as the "Lincoln Essay Prize," which are to be competed for by the students of the Lick and Wilmerding schools. The first prize, amounting to fifteen dollars, will be for the best essay submitted from either one of the schools, and the second prize, amounting to ten dollars, will be for the best essay submitted from the other school.

It is hoped that we will be able to announce in the commencement Tiger that we were fortunate enough to win the first prize. Try for it, Lickites.

Finance

It is not very often that the importance of an amendment to the Constitution requires special mention in THE TIGER, but too much care cannot be exercised in considering the amendment in regard to finance which was recently passed by the Student Body organization. Every member of the Student Body is requested to read and digest the amendment not only for his own benefit but for the benefit of the Student Body at large.

ARTICLE X.—FINANCE.

Sec. I. All funds belonging to the Student Body shall be administered by the Board of Control through the Student Treasury of the C. S. M. A.

Sec. II. The Student Treasury of C. S. M. A. shall consist of an Auditor and Treasurer, each to be appointed annually by the Principal of C. S. M. A.

Sec. III. The Auditor:—

Duties and Privileges.

(a) To keep an accurate account (itemized) of all deposits and disbursements of the Student Treasury of the C. S. M. A. and affiliated organizations.

(b) To sign all warrants drawn on Student Treasury of C. S. M. A.

(c) To take charge of all printing and distribution, to managers, of all tickets for any Student Activity, except where a supervising league has control of tickets and finance.

(d) The manager of Activities issuing such tickets shall in turn be responsible to the Auditor for moneys received and for remaining tickets.

(e) The Auditor shall as soon as possible, after paying expenses of printing and such incidentals as may arise, turn the profits of the sale of tickets to the Student Body Secretary, who shall report the same to the Board of Control at the first meeting of the Board following.

(f) To issue complimentary tickets to the Managers for distribution with the sanction of the Board of Control.

(g) He shall have power to appoint one assistant from the Student Body.

Sec. IV. Treasurer:—

Duties.

(a) To hold in trust the moneys of the Student Body of C. S. M. A.

(b) To issue receipts for all moneys received.

(c) To keep an accurate account of all receipts and disbursements and post a quarterly report of same on the school bulletin board and allow it to remain there at least five successive school days.

(d) To pay out money belonging to the Student Body only upon warrants signed by the President, Secretary and Auditor of the Student Body.

Sec. V. (a) No organization shall have power to exist unless it affiliates with the Student Body and places itself subject to the conditions and restrictions of Article X.

(b) No class or other organization except the Senior Class shall collect regular dues for any amount exceeding 25 cents quarterly.

(c) The Senior Class may collect dues for any amount not exceeding 25 cents per month.

(d) No organization or private party shall levy or collect any assessment in any form.

Assessments or other methods for raising money from the Student Body at large must be sanctioned by the Board of Control.

(e) The Board of Control must post a notice of their sanction on the school bulletin board at least twenty-four hours before the collection may commence.

(f) Each organization must deposit its money with the Student Body Treasurer in a separate fund. Such money to be drawn out only upon warrants made payable to the Treasurer of organization and signed by the President and Secretary of the organization to which it belongs.

(g) No class or organization shall be allowed to incur an indebtedness over and above amount in treasury of said class or organization.

The appointive position of Auditor has been filled by Mr. L. Chilcote, '11.

EXCHANGES

The exchanges which have found their way Tigerwards this quarter are of an exceptionally high standard. The smaller journals, however, still make a common mistake—they insist upon placing advertisements in the front of the issue. This gives the reader the impression that they are run on a money-making basis, an impression which the merit of the rest of the paper cannot efface.

Owl, Fresno High School.—You are as usual one of our prize exchanges. The numerous attractive cuts catch the eye at once. The departments are well arranged and well written.

San Jose.—We congratulate you on your splendid spirit. The school which supports not only a regular journal, but also a weekly paper as well written as yours, will always come out ahead.

Oregon Emerald, University of Oregon.—You are a regular and welcome visitor.

Ulatis, Vacaville.—The cuts are well executed. Does your exchange editor's vocabulary consist of nothing but the latest slang?

Hitchcock Sentinel, San Rafael.—Why not give more space to your exchange column? We wish to be criticized, not merely acknowledged.

Sequoia, Redwood City.—Your paper is notable for its original stories. "Did He Love Her" is very humorous.

Far Darter, St. Helena.—Your illustrated stories are quite an innovation in a high school journal. Your paper is well written in all departments.

Trident, Santa Cruz.—Your headings and tailpieces are very attractive, *Trident.* The entire issue is well balanced.

Tucsonian, Tucson, Arizona.—We were in doubt as to which was back and which was front when we opened to several pages of ads with jokes running through what we later found were the front pages. Your literary department is praiseworthy, however.

Focus, All Saints' School, Sioux Falls.—Have you no artists in your school, *Focus?* A few cuts would improve your paper.

Orange and Blue, Tennessee Military Institute.—Your paper is wide awake and reflects the alertness of your staff.

Sotoyoman, Healdsburg.—Your print is too small for comfortable reading. The art work of your paper is very good.

Clarion, Appleton, Wisconsin.—We have no less than four *Clarions* in our exchange list. Would not another name be less confusing?

Wilmerding Life.—You are up to your usual high standard. We enjoy reading every department.

Tocsin, Santa Clara High School.—Your January issue does not nearly approach the high standard which the preceding *Tocsins* have set. The paper is neat in appearance, but why such a cut in the size of it? You only acknowledge six exchanges, your josh column is far from good, and you run ads between the josh column and the basketball department. Brace up next time and regain your old footing.

Calendar, Central High School, Buffalo, N. Y.—The fault in your paper lies principally in its appearance, due to the ads in the front pages and the cover designs, which are not of high quality. However, your literary department is made up of good stories, especially in the Christmas number, and your school notes are written in an interesting manner.

High School Herald, Westfield, Massachusetts.—The cuts in your December issue could stand some improvement, especially "Athletics" and "Locals." Most of the stories are too short, and in this way detract from the appearance of your paper. Why not insert a separate page for your table of contents, instead of printing it on the inside of the cover? It will also help to better the paper's appearance in general.

Congress, Olean High School, N. Y.—The ads in the front pages detract greatly from your appearance. Also do more than acknowledge your exchanges, criticism is always welcome. The rest of the paper is in good form.

Madrono, Palo Alto High School.—Your Christmas issue was very neat, *Madrono.* However, the cut for "Gossip" could bear improvement. The ad on the inside of the front cover, while neat and attractive, would better your appearance if placed elsewhere.

Searchlight, San Rafael High School.—Your Christmas issue was as neat an exchange as any which we received. The cover design is tasty and the cuts are all of good quality. The arrangement is all that it should be, containing no ads in the front pages and clearly defining all the different departments.

Occident, Rochester, N. Y.—The fault which we encounter in practically all of our Eastern exchanges is that of placing ads in the front pages, your paper being no exception to the rule. In comparison to the size of your literary department, too much space is devoted to athletics.

Clarion, Salem High School, Oregon.—Your paper would present an improved appearance if better cuts were obtained for "School Notes" and "Social" and the ads were removed from the front pages. The cover design of your January issue is neat and attractive.

Chaparral, Stanford University.—Spicy jokes and clever cartoons seem to be your motto. Come again.

Commercial, Commercial High School.—Your December issue was very neat and interesting throughout, reflecting great credit upon the editor and business manager. The arrangement is good and greatly enhanced by the use of cuts. For a paper which has been running but a year and a half, you have done wonderfully well.

Russ, San Diego High School.—Your Christmas issue was very attractive, having a simple cover design, no ads in front, and containing neatly arranged and well-balanced departments. We are glad to see that you do not slight your exchange column.

Sentinel, Harvard School, Los Angeles.—In your January issue your cuts and josh column are as usual the best features of your paper. "His Own Case" is a splendid story, containing a really good plot which is cleverly handled. Our only criticism is the size of your paper. Wake up more ads and you can easily grow.

Acorn, Alameda High School.—Your December issue was very neat, *Acorn,* and it is too bad that you could not afford a Senior edition. The editors handled what material they had in good style. In the future, however, use more cuts for the different departments.

Loyal Sons' Clarion, Sacramento.—You are one of the best exchanges which we have received this year. Your Christmas number showed a very decided improvement over the previous issues. However, try and keep your de-

partments together, and don't continue in the back pages as you did with the exchange column.

Girls' High Journal, San Francisco.—Your December issue was without doubt the best exchange which we received, both as regards neatness and contents. The numerous cuts reflect credit upon the ability of your business manager.

Cascadillian, Cascadilla High School, Ithaca.—Your Christmas number was very interesting, showing to all that your school contains much literary and artistic talent. The poem, "Winter Moonlight," and the stories, "Thorny" and "All's Well That Ends Well," are the best examples of literary work. The only fault is the placing of ads in the front pages. Try and remedy it, and you will observe a great improvement in the appearance of your paper.

The Spinner, Higbee School, Memphis.—Though small, your paper is very good. "Christmas in Poland" is an interesting article, giving an insight to the customs of that once great country. However, separate your departments more distinctly by the use of cuts.

Crimson and Gray, Waitsburg High School, Washington.—The appearance of your paper is spoiled by the ads on the inside of the cover. But the different departments are clearly defined and several of the cuts are good. "And on Earth Peace" is a story in which human emotions are cleverly portrayed.

Red and Blue, Sach's Collegiate Institute, New York.—Yours is a very attractive issue. "Berlin" is an interesting description, greatly enhanced by the use of illustrations. The same may be said about "A Visit to the Italian Lakes" in another issue. Some of the cuts are good, especially that for exchanges.

As we go to press, we wish to acknowledge *The Occident,* Rochester, N. Y.; *The Tyro,* San Bernardino, Calif.; *Red and Blue,* Sach's Collegiate Institute, N. Y.; *Olla Podrida,* Berkeley High School; *Red and White,* Lake View High, Chicago.

The Four Sewing Classes

(With apologies to Thos. Hood.)

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
Sat Freshman girls in schoolroom rags
Plying their needle and thread:—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In laughter, hunger and mirth,
And still with voices of gleeful pitch
They sang the "Song of a Shirt":
Seam and gusset, and band,
Band and gusset and seam,
Till over the buttons they fall asleep
And sew them on in a dream.

The bright spring sun is o'er them,
On Sophomores it doth glow,
As onward, onward, wearily,
On *winter* hats they sew.
A little weeping would ease their hearts,
But in their brainy heads
Their tears must stop for every drop
Hinders needle and thread

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
Work Junior girls on infant clothes
With embroidery needle and thread:
Shirk! shirk! shirk!
In laughter, hunger and mirth,
They talk in voices of gleeful pitch
And embroider dress and shirt.

Work! work! work!
From weary chime to chime;
Work! work! work!
The Seniors work for time.
It is for their hours they slave
And sew like the proverbial Turk;
For their tailored suits their time they save,
And this is the Seniors' work!

A. E.

CHEMISTRY.

The Senior apprentices of the fourth year course have completed the analysis of five samples of water and are taking up the subject of iron and steel which will take about four or five weeks.

Fred Merkelbach is doing special work with Mr. Tibbetts along the line of drug and food analysis in preparation for a position which he has already accepted.

The Juniors are just beginning their work of volumetric analysis, having successfully completed their usual work in qualitative analysis.

The general classes are considerably smaller than those of previous years. They seem to be getting a good hold of the viewpoint of chemistry, but are having a little difficulty in performing the experiments and in working the usual assignment of problems.

The apprentices are all taking a lecture course in the industrial application of organic chemistry which they find very interesting.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

In the theoretical work of cooking, or the Domestic Science course, the classes have studied a new text, "Human Body and Health," by Davison, also supplementary reading from "The Human Mechanism."

In the cooking classes some delicious dishes have been prepared. In the earlier part of the quarter candies were made and enjoyed by the girls of both classes. Work on meats and poultry has been started and the girls are looking forward to the lowering in the price of eggs so their cake-making can be begun. They are being instructed by Miss Hyde in the art of serving meals and setting tables. Some dainty breakfast tables have been set and the food enjoyed by the girls.

Mr. Plumb gave the cooking classes a very interesting as well as instructive lecture on the manufacture of beet sugar.

Dear John:—

Well, here I am at Lick! Everything fine; just as you told me. Horace was at the train and took me directly to school. He treated me dandy. While riding on the car he told me all about Lick, but none of it was new to me. He evidently forgot *you* went here once upon a time and that I lived just next door to you. Oh John! how I wish you were going here *now*.

We reached school not any too early and Horace took me all around. The teachers took such interest in me when I told them I was a friend of yours. They told me what the different boys were doing, so that I might write and tell you.

The first place we visited was the mechanical drawing room. Isn't Mr. Heyman just too lovely? He explained everything so thoroughly, in fact all the teachers did. His apprentice class is a big one and the time I was there they were just too busy for words working out the regulation plates of gearing.

Poor Spring, he hasn't done much on his gas engine as he spends all his time talking religion and politics with Reimer and Sexton.

The first-year boys are on sheet No. 3—geometrical curves—while the second-year boys are starting sheet 11—Hellix and Shru Ther. The steam turbine construction drawings are very nearly finished.

From here we went to the pattern shop, where Mr. McLeran welcomed us. We found the first-year boys busily engaged in making core boxes and

washers. Sparrow was finishing the head of the steam turbine, while Mein, Uhte and Nash were making other parts.

What do you think Von der Mehden is doing? He is building a gas engine that he designed himself. Quite clever?

Next came the forge shops. The boys here have more outside work than they can do. Rankin and Westphal are making test-pieces for the University of California.

After luncheon we found ourselves talking to Mr. Sunkel about machinery. He told us that the Senior apprentices were terribly handicapped by the scarcity of outside work. Quite a little different from the forge shop.

King and Chapman are doing commendable work on a 4″x6″ steam hoist which is nearing completion. The two speed lathes for Mr. McLeran's shop, commenced last year, are being finished by Dow.

The Juniors certainly have enough to do helping the Seniors and doing lathe work. Most of them are threading screws. Garcia has been turning up the brass bushings for the speed lathes.

The Course II Seniors are struggling through their exercises. The majority are making Armstrong lathe tools. A few of the more advanced are doing elementary lathe turning, while among the slower ones hack frames and even drill gauzes are in evidence.

You know Clark? Well, he is the only representative of the electrical department. He has finished rewinding the armature of the oil pump motor and has totally rewound a small fan motor. Pratt is turning pulleys for the pipe-cutting machines. Smith has done the major part of this work.

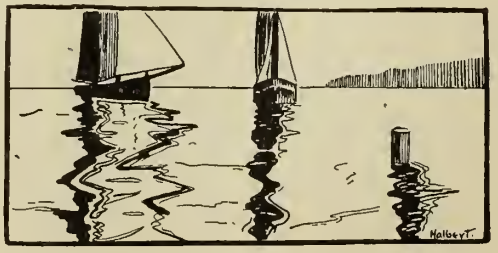
I have given you a great deal of good and commendatory news of the machine shop, but there is one thing I can't praise and that is the oil pump in the boiler-room. It certainly doesn't look well, and the boys say, besides not looking well, it isn't at all efficient.

In the foundry the boys are making gas engine cylinders and are getting ready to make parts of the turbine. They have very little outside work. They were terribly excited over a new addition of a stack on the brass furnace.

Now, I've told you about the shops—the part that I know interests you most. Next time I write you shall hear about the academic work, in which by then I will be personally interested.

Very sincerely yours,

SUSAN.



MINOR RALLIES.

One of the most important of the minor rallies was held on December 1, 1909, and, owing to the rainy weather, it seemed more than appropriate that the purpose was principally to discuss the coming swimming meet. After a few humorous remarks concerning this situation, President Pitchford called upon Captain Margo, who tried to impress upon our minds the fact that tickets were on sale and that we had a good team deserving our support. The date of the meet was announced as December 3d, to be held at Sutro Baths. Manager Dreyer also had tickets for sale and saw bright prospects for the team. Mr. Tibbitts commended the efforts of the A. A. L. and expressed his desire that we support it. Mr. Halbert, '11, appealed to the rooting section by advising them "to get together and yell"—and they did.

Mr. Tooker, track captain-elect, presented the cup won by the relay team at the indoor Barbarian meet, and spoke a few words on the spirit shown. He especially praised the conscientious work of Walter Leigh, '11. President Pitchford thanked the team on behalf of the school.

The Technical Department of the Debating Society was represented by Mr. McNair, who urged us to attend the lectures given in connection with this department.

Upon being called upon to lead the "Victor's Ode," Mr. Wetmore appeared rather "fussed," but bravely and nobly performed his duty.

Several selections were rendered by the "Lick Trio," and the applause which followed proved the popularity of this feature of the rally.

Manager White gave us some good advice regarding the TIGER, namely, "buy your tickets early and avoid the rush." Editor Chatfield with his funny story also spoke on the subject and emphasized the facts brought out by the previous speaker so we would all know what to do when the next TIGER roars.

President Pitchford introduced the subject of Student Body dues, and, after a few final remarks, the rally closed with one of those good old "Ali-Bi-Bo's."

President Pitchford called a meeting of the Student Body on January 12, 1910. He spoke on the representation at the rallies.

Manager House and Captain Tooker reviewed the past track record and offered great encouragement for next season's track team. Captain Tooker presented the school with a cup won by the relay team at the Olympic Club meet.

Mr. Sexton talked on the A. A. L. and aroused our interest in the coming baseball games. Captain Winter continued the subject and begged for support.

The TIGER was represented by Manager Ora Iverson and Editor Chatfield. Miss Iverson caused the audience to tremble from fright by her demands for "ads." and "tags." Mr. Chatfield spoke on the TIGER from the literary standpoint.

There has been but little said of late concerning girls' basket-ball. Captain Sophie Felderman enlightened us as to the work of the team and asked for more girls to come out and practice.

Mr. Hirschler dwelt on the merits of the Debating Society, taking in turn the various branches. Mr. Wetmore then led the school with a snappy "Brakety-Ax" and the rally closed.

CHRISTMAS RALLY.

On Wednesday afternoon, December 17th, the regular semi-annual Recapitulation Rally was held, and it was one of the most successful rallies of the term. Our yell leader, Al Wetmore, opened the rally with a rousing Ali-Be-Bo, which seemed to instill much spirit in the students. The student body was then addressed by President Pitchford as to the purpose and occasion of the rally. After these remarks he called on the orchestra, whose selection was received with much applause.

Manager White was next called upon to speak on the third issue of THE TIGER, which is to be under the supervision of the girls of Lick School. This being the first time such a plan will ever have been tried he asked that the best of support be given to Miss Ora Iverson, '10, who was chosen to act as manager for the "Girls' Issue," and that the boys as well as the girls help THE TIGER by bringing in all the ads they could possibly get.

Mr. Chatfield then spoke on THE TIGER from the editor's standpoint, and announced Miss Florence Reinhold editor for the third issue. Miss Reinhold then gave us an outline of her plans and told of her appreciation of being allowed to edit the paper. She asked for the support of all the students in order that the issue might be a great success and that TIGER work be handed in as promptly as possible when called for.

We next enjoyed a duet by Miss Anna Erlandson and Miss Madeline Barieau. It is surely a piece of good luck that permits us to have song-birds in our school who are always willing to favor us with their music.

Mr. Chilcote reminded the students that the Debating Society was still alive and always ready to receive new members. He gave a synopsis of the plans of the different departments; several sketches are to be presented by the Dramatic Department and the Mock Trial to be produced under the auspices of the Literary Department.

It had been decided that the student body should show their appreciation of the work of the different student body officers and debaters in some way or other. Consequently Mr. Hornick was selected by the Senior Class to deliver an address to express the thanks of the students for the work done in their behalf by the debating team and the student officials. Mr. Pitchford received the token with much gratitude on behalf of the other student body officers.

Miss Boyd rendered one of her famous recitations, and was applauded until she favored us with an encore.

Dick Jones, a member of the '09 class, being present, was called upon to speak. His interest was shown in the season's football and the coming Senior farce; in each of which he figured prominently last year.

The next event on the program was a vocal solo by Miss Bernice Todd, a talented Freshman, whose willingness to give her services is always appreciated.

The rally could not possibly be completed without a few words from our football coach, Sid Holman. He reviewed the past season's football achievements and complimented the team on their good work, even if they did not gain the championship. In appreciation of his work the boys gave him an engraved fob.

It was most proper and fitting, before the Block L's were given out to the track and swimming teams, that Miss Iverson should offer an address to the athletic teams in general, and so show how much the student body admired their hard work during the athletic season, although it could not give as many Block L's as it wished.

Block L's were then given out to Tooker, '10; Dickson and L. Clark, '11; Dick Smith, Maynard, Holman, '12, and Rogers, '13, for their success on track. Margo and Dreyer, '10, and Halbert, '11, received the coveted "L" for swimming. Margo and Dreyer were also presented with medals for placing in the B. C. L. swimming meet; the former making third in the quarter and second in the half mile, and the latter securing third place in the hundred yard.

Mr. Wise, president of the Lick Alumni Association, delivered a short address, mainly on the Alumni, and cordially invited all the members of the Senior Class to be present at their dance given the same evening. After this a spirited Braxity-Ax closed the rally.

GIRLS' RALLY.

The Lick girls caused the entire school to sit up and take notice by conducting the second annual Girls' Rally on February 16th in a manner which clearly showed their ability as those born to rule. The old saying that it is no effort for most girls to talk might well be true, as every speaker proved herself equal to the occasion, and at no loss for words to express her purpose.

Presiding Officer Genevieve Gillete called the rally to order and was greeted with three rousing cheers, led by Miss Boyd, who filled her position as though yell leading was an ordinary occupation.

Miss Fraser represented the Record Book and actually frightened some of the Freshmen by saying that many "school happenings" are chronicled in this book and remain there forever.

A strange commotion in the lower hall was next investigated, and after some trouble it was learned that the orchestra was approaching, and various whisperings were changed into a welcoming "Hurrah for Bill Beattie's Band."

Editor Florence Reinhold spoke on THE TIGER from the literary standpoint and, overcome at the thought of the poor TIGER'S hunger, unconsciously leaned against "that same comforting old post," but Miss Boyd, alert to her duty as yell leader, came to the rescue.

The next speaker, Manager Ora Iverson, appealed to the student body for ads, not only to get them but to support our patrons as well.

Miss Jann gave us some information regarding the Senior farce and emphasized the need of ads for the program.

A duet was then sung by the Misses Todd and McKibbon and was followed with great applause.

Captain Sophie Felderman gave us a short talk on girls' basketball, and we were delighted to hear of the victories won for Lick by "Our Girls."

The four classes were represented as follows: Freshmen by Miss Bachman, Sophomore by Miss Boyle (may they never again be defeated "by a narrow margin"), Junior by Miss Erlandson, and Senior by Miss McDonald.

Miss Irma Anderson spoke on the work accomplished by the cooking and sewing classes, and also caused a hearty laugh by a couple of humorous stories.

The Debating Society was reported on by Miss Barieau, who gave us an interesting account of the present plans of the society.

Student body affairs, represented by Miss Henrietta Felderman, were clearly explained and the "Ladies' Aid Society," under whose supervision our past "Candy Sales" and "Valentine Post Office" were conducted, received due mention.

Another activity especially fitting for the occasion is the Girls' Pastime Club, and as its representative Miss Davis told us of the outing planned for Washington's Birthday.

Recitations by Miss Boyd and Miss Goodman, "you know who'll get you," and a piano duet by the Misses Von der Mehden and Mathis, were greatly appreciated as shown by the enthusiastic applause which followed.

Last but by no means least was the introduction of the famous quartet, "The Big Four," namely, the Misses Erlandson, Barieau, Todd and McKibbon. Humorous Limericks involving numerous prominent boys added much amusement to this part of the program.

After a few final remarks by President Genevieve Gillete the rally closed with an Ali-Be-Bo.

The Debating Society

At present the most important business of the Debating Society is to prepare for the coming debate with Humboldt Evening High School. The date for this contest has been set for March 19, and our team, which is composed of Mr. McNair, '11, Miss Boyd, '10, and Mr. Hirschler, '11, should be well supported by a large delegation from Lick. The question is:

"Resolved, That the National and State Governments should establish guarantee funds by equitables taxes on banks for the prompt payment of the depositors of any insolvent bank."

Our team will uphold the affirmative side of the question.

We wish them all the success due to them, and hope their efforts will be rewarded.

In several weeks the literary department will present the "Mock Trial," which has been in preparation during the past month. This will probably be given in one of the school rooms or else in "Our Hall." It will be a very novel and original entertainment and something the students will never before have witnessed.

Some time in March the dramatic department will produce a sketch. Rehearsals are now going on and from the present outlook the playlet should be a great success. Plans are also forming for the elaborate production of "The most lamentable comedy and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisbe."

Literary Club.

A new branch has been established in connection with the Debating Society and is known as the Literary or Short-Story Club. The foremost purpose of the club is to further the reading of good literature in the form of short stories. The club has been limited to sixteen members, and the meetings, held once in two weeks, are to be at the homes of different members. Not only does a club like this help to develop our taste for good short stories, but also sociable evenings can be enjoyed. We must encourage this club, for it is something that can be a benefit to all who are fortunate enough to become members.

Senior Seminar

The one and only Seminar meeting was very creditably carried on by the President, Mr. Beattie, on Dec. 8th, '09. He secured the services of Mr. W. W. Cooley, of the Burrows Adding Machine Company, who lectured to the class on the merits of an adding machine. The principle of adding for several centuries was explained and the use of the machine of the present time was illustrated by several machines brought to school for that purpose. It is the desire of the Seniors that many more such interesting lectures may be secured in the near future.

Camera Club

A meeting of the C. S. M. A. Camera Club was held on December 9th for the purpose of electing the officers for the ensuing term. Results of the election were as follows: President, Mr. White, '10; vice-president, Mr. Meyn, '11; secretary, Miss Iverson, '10; treasurer, Mr. Sullivan, '11; sergeant-at-arms, Mr. Christiansen, '12. At present the members are deprived of the use of the darkroom, and consequently the dues have been dispensed with until such time as the committee can make further arrangements. A committee was appointed to arrange for a competition challenge with another high school of the city and the members of the club are anxiously waiting for the report of the committee. The following were voted members: Miss Toft, Mr. T. F. Hunter, S. Ogilvie, N. Gordon, Iddings, P. Wormser, Nixon, F. Halbert, Harron, Adelsdorfer, C. Hacke, G. Walker, D. Granicher and M. Carlson. We are glad to note among the list many of our Freshmen, and hope that they will continue to have an interest in the club and its work. With a few more good workers such as the club now has, great success may be expected and the Camera Club will hold its old place among the various activities at Lick.

Record Book

Under the supervision of Miss Agnes Fraser the Record Book has been rapidly increasing in contents, the numerous events of the year having been chronicled. Much good material has been turned in, and no subject, from the organization of the Freshman Class to the Christmas Rally, has been omitted. Those interested in the work have spared neither time nor money to make the Record Book all that it might be since it was originated by Willard Beatty, '09.

Orchestra

Something which we have always wanted, yet have never been able to realize as an existing activity at Lick, is an orchestra. At last we may claim that we have such an organization among the students, and that its success depends upon our support is a fact not to be overlooked.

After careful consideration, the Board of Control have appointed Mr. McNair financial director of the orchestra. The members have elected Mr. L. L. Dierssen manager. The following have registered as members: First violin, Mr. Dreyer, Mr. McCaw; second violin, Mr. Cromwell, Mr. Hensen, Mr. Heilfronn; first cornet, Mr. Wallfish; second cornet, Mr. Muesdorffer, Mr. Roberts; clarinet, Mr. Dierssen; trombone, Mr. Bettencourt; 'cello, Mr. Rea; piano, Mr. Beattie; drum, Mr. Reiter.

Under the instruction of Professor Berger the orchestra is making great headway and every Friday evening finds them practicing the musical selections which will in time help to make our rallies a success.

"Baron Kanda"

On November 29th we were honored by a visit from Baron Kanda, a distinguished member of the Japanese educational commission touring this country. At half-past eleven the students assembled in the main corridor and Mr. Merrill introduced our guest. He gave us an interesting outline of his visits in many of the technical schools of the United States, and before closing his speech presented the school with an "Imperial Rescript on Education in Japan." The principal purpose of this Japanese commission has been to gather material for the improvement of the educational institutions in Japan.

Junior Dance

On February 11th the Junior Class entertained in "Our Hall," and all present agreed that "Eleven's" first dance was a great success. Among the two hundred couples who participated in the gay whirl were many of the Alumni.

Attractive decorations added charm to the evening's festivities. The black and gold color scheme was carried out and rendered still more effective by greens and class pennants entwined.

One of the pleasant surprises to many of the guests was the presence of the Lick Orchestra and the musical selections rendered by them. Another popular feature of the evening, especially to the dancers, was the punch bowl.

The hours flew by only too quickly for the merry-makers, and no one welcomed the strains of "Home, Sweet Home," which told all that another jolly time at Lick must be counted among those of the past.

Junior Class Meeting

An original idea was disclosed by the 1911 Class in the form of a Junior Class meeting, held Friday evening, December 19, '09, in "Our Hall." The meeting was opened at eight o'clock by President Carlson. After the reading of the minutes by the Secretary, Miss Brown, class numerals were awarded to the members of the winning interclass football team; also to the girls' basketball team, winners of the interclass series. Numerals were also awarded to the members of the class who succeeded in making the school swimming and track teams.

After all business of the meeting was over, Miss Davis and Mr. McNair each favored the class with recitations. Miss Barieau and Miss Erlandson were called upon to sing and kindly consented.

Dancing was an important feature during the remainder of the evening and after several jolly games were played before the meeting adjourned.

Society

The Senior girls acted as hostesses at a delightful wedding function, held in the Mechanical Drawing Hall, on Saturday, the 22d of January. Those invited were all the girls of the under classes and the feminine members of the faculty.

The girls looked very sweet in their pretty dresses, and the gentlemen of the afternoon in tuxedos, cowboy costumes, full dress, or as baseball men, sailors or dudes, as a whole played the gallant to perfection. Some of the young ladies even wore flowers, orchids (of cabbage-ear variety), as insignia of devoted admirers.

Promptly at 1:30 the full mono-piece orchestra struck up the wedding march; there was profound silence among the guests as the bride and groom, preceded by the dainty flower girls, scattering garlands of carrots and turnips, entered, followed by the ring-bearer, maid of honor, and best man.

The wedding procession carried out the new rainbow idea of costuming. The bride wore a wonderful creation of azure and white, and from her swirling blonde hair flowed a delicate mass of genuine bedroom curtain. The handsome groom in a costume "a la promenade," looked enviably proud, as the solemn little minister tied the blissful knot. The gown of the ring-bearer was of red and white Parisian gingham; her raven locks set off to great advantage by a large picture-book straw hat, while the maid of honor in an elaborate white gown and the best man in a sailor suit and hat, completed the beautiful picture.

After the wedding rites were over, some thirty-five couples joined in the grand march, which ended in the Virginia Reel. Between the dances which followed, recitations were rendered by Miss Simons and Miss Boyd, a vocal selection by Gov. Gillette, a song and dance by Misses Barieau and Erlandson, and fortunes were told by Miss Greer. Delicious cakes and punch were served as refreshments, for the Seniors did not neglect any of the details.

At a little after five o'clock notes of "Home, Sweet Home" sounded through the spacious lobby, and the jolly company left (after insisting upon four "last" dances extra) with rousing cheers and declarations that the afternoon's diversion was the best ever.

Alumni Notes

California.

Eva Nordwell, Elizabeth Bridge and Mary Raber are Sophomores at U. C. Miss Nordwell and Miss Bridge are registered in Social Science, while Miss Raber is taking up a course in the College of Agriculture.

Ada Roos was formerly registered with '12 but left at Christime time, expecting to go East some time in March to continue her study of music.

Miss Ethel Mae Schultz has again entered college for advanced study, and Miss Clarice Kirwin, another of Lick's faculty of last year, is now teaching at the Girls' High, of which school she was a graduate.

William Ashley and Charlie Lutz joined the Freshman class at Christmas, and W. Edgar Randall, Editor of the Tiger, 1907, has rejoined the Sophomores.

Victor Lenzen has been keeping up his usual high standard with nine "1's" and one "2," which ought to have been a "1" also.

Watt, Jones and Hunt have changed their courses from College of Agriculture to Commerce. Watt has been laid up with scarlet fever and is quite sick. Jones passed the preliminary try-out for the cast of "Nero," the dramatic undertaking of the English Club. The final try-outs have not, at this writing, been completed.

The Alumnae at California send their greetings to the Girls' Issue of the Tiger.

Stanford University, California.

Dear Editrix:

At last Lick has another representative at Stanford. On registration day there came a poor little Freshman, so green and timid that it drew one's heart out to see him. It was Salbach, '09. He began to show how green he was by smoking his pipe on the Quad, and losing his watch. He is registered in Civil Engineering. One more word, he has not been tubbed yet.

Ernest Thompson is still pulling down honors. He is now in charge of the "Chaparral," the comic side of Stanford life. The "Chappie" is the best magazine printed at the University.

Dietterle, '08; Clyde, '07; Everett, '08, and I are at work, but have done nothing startling and hence create no Tiger news.

Best wishes,

Cecil Stocker Simon, '09.

Matrimonial

Chester Youngberg, '02, has left the rank of bachelors, having married Miss Laura Graham of Alameda on December 25, 1909. Mr. Youngberg is an electrical engineer in Oroville.

George T. Plummer, '03, was married in Oakland on January 19, 1910, to Miss Kathryn J. Burns. Both young people are graduates of U. C. Their home will be in Stockton.

It will be of interest to the '09s, as well as all others who know her, to learn that Miss Ingeborg Lindstrom will, some time in June or July, launch on the sea of matrimony with Earle Phillips, one of the football heroes of the invincible '08 team.

Miss Bertha Knell, another popular representative of the '09 class, and Laurence Moore, a member of Lick in '09, are also receiving congratulations.

Cupid has been very much on the alert among the '07s also. Lou Knell and Harry Eastman, both of that class, are to be married some time in the near future.

Nor is '05 to be unrepresented in this column. The engagement of Donald Day to Miss Dorothy Worth has recently been announced.

The Tiger's best wishes to all of these love-lorn lads and lassies.

GIRLS' BASKET-BALL.

Friday, February 28, the girls were royally treated after a game on the court of the St. Rose Academy. A large and enthusiastic crowd of the members of that school were present. We won the game, 14-6, but the girls did not make as good a showing as expected. This was due, perhaps, to the fact that their baskets are somewhat lower than our own. Miss Herbert, goal, was unable to play, and her place was filled by Miss Woodhams.

One week later on the Lick court, the Polytechnic girls were defeated, 26-6. The game was well attended, both by girls and boys, and more spirit was shown than at any previous game. The Poly girls worked hard, but having had less experience and consequently poorer team work, were not victorious.

The line-up in all the games was: Goals, Miss H. Feldermann and Miss Herbert; guards, Miss Mitchell and Miss S. Feldermann; centers, Miss Mathis, Boyd, Miss Bachman, Woodhams.

Among the challenges received and soon to be played off are Berkeley, Lowell and San Rafael High Schools.

The girls' interclass was finished several months ago, but too late to print the outcome in the last issue of the paper. Again we announce the '11 class winners. This team won every game.

As a return game, the girls of the St. Rose Academy played the Lick girls on our court February 18. The team work of the St. Rose team showed great improvement on their first game with us and our girls worked much harder in winning by a score of 27-4.

CROSS-COUNTRY.

For the first time in three seasons, Lick will enter a team in the A. A. L. cross-country race to be held in the latter part of February or the first of March. It is generally known that cross-country is the hardest of all races, and only very conscientious training will bring good results. The team to be entered has no veterans to fall back on, but Coach Crossfield has the runners go through their paces every day, which should result in a good team. From among the following: Baumberger, Bennis, Benson, Barkis, Garcia, Gilliland, Margo, Richardson, Rankin, Burns, Meeker and Wallace—a team of five will be chosen.

BOYS' BASKETBALL.

Team work, which has been lacking in the basketball teams of previous years, has been the strongest feature of the game played by this year's team. Captain Sparrowe insisted upon it, and they have been well trained in that line by Walter Creighton, who had been elected captain for this year. Although

now a member of another school, he still has the old Lick spirit, and has given his time unsparingly in coaching the team. For a month a squad of about eleven men practiced at the Siaplamat Hall on Wednesdays and Saturdays. They were also assisted by Louis Meinberger, the popular pony player. With his help and the coaching of Creighton, team passing became speedy and accurate, but the individuals on the team were not strong enough on field goals. Manager Westphal felt, nevertheless, that they would have made a better showing, had the school given stronger support throughout the entire season.

Lick 27, Sacred Heart 22.

The first game of the season was not a league game, but was played for a trophy offered by the Ellery Arms Company. This game was played at the Pastime Club on January 18. Both sides fouled a great many times, our team having had little practice with outside schools. Many of these foul goals were missed. Nevertheless the playing was fast throughout, each team being supported by a small though enthusiastic crowd of spectators. The score, which at the end of the first half stood 13-8 in favor of Lick, was raised to 27-22, giving to Lick the Ellery Arms cup for which the game was played. The line-up, the same in nearly all the games, was as follows: Forwards, McHenry and B. Woods; center, Wood; guards, Sparrowe and Rust.

Lick 36, Polytechnic 42.

On January 26 the first league game was played with Polytechnic at the Y. M. H. A. Lick won the toss, but the first point went to our opponents. They managed to keep a lead until the finish, although when the first half was over the score was only 20-18 against us. The amount of fouling was periodical with each team, first Lick then Poly. Lick made most of her free goals, Bert Woods missing only two out of about seventeen tries. As in the first game, our team work was a leading feature. We failed in making field goals, yet the score would have been much higher against us had it not been for the hard guarding of Captain Sparrowe, who plays not only his man but his own game besides.

Lick 24, Sacred Heart 22.

Again at the Pastime Club, on January 28, Lick was victorious with Sacred Heart. It certainly was not spirit which won the game, however, for the support was very poor, and our rooting section was outclassed by Sacred Heart. At the start both sides played unusually fast, then they settled down to a pretty even struggle. Bert Woods was not up to his usual form in throwing foul goals. At the end of the first half we were only four points ahead, and when the whistle blew "time" the score was a tie, 22-22. Two points were necessary to decide the winner. Sacred Heart threw a foul goal; then McHenry made a field goal which won the game for the Black and Gold.

Lick 29, Wilmerding 33.

So far the best game that had been played, best because unmarred by frequent fouling and enlivened by spirited rooting sections, was with Wilmerding at the Y. M. H. A., February 2. In the first play Lick made a field goal, and all through the first half, by the excellent team work and the score of 19-14 in our favor, it seemed as though Lick should win. But when the goals were changed and the sun was no longer in their faces, Wilmerding began to play and the game became exciting. Chiefly by the good work of their forward, Palmer, they raised the score to a tie, 27-27. Then they commenced to gain and the final score was 33-29.

Lick 33, Mission 27.

Almost expecting defeat, the team met Mission at the Siaplamat Hall, Saturday evening, February 6. But while ours was an evenly balanced team, our opponents centered around a star forward, Lunt, who made 25 of the 27 points for his school. "Lanky" Woods showed great improvement in this game, playing a much stronger game than usual, making many field goals. McHenry also played a fine game and showed himself to be a point winner. Since Rust was unable to play, his place was filled by the substitute, Wynne. He is a quick and ready player, but lacks experience. As in most games, the support was not all that could be desired.

Lick 27, Cogswell 53.

Facing the most formidable team in the league, the Lick five played Cogswell on February 9 at the Siaplamat Hall. The black and green players immediately showed themselves to be superior. In the first place they were heavier and better in defensive play than the Tigers. Although Cogswell had seven points before Lick had any, our less experienced team fought steadily, holding the score down to 14-19 until the end of the first half.

During the second half both sides made some spectacular plays. Captain Sparrowe and his team mate often sent the ball down to the Lick end, but it came back again only to be dropped into the basket by a Cogswell giant. This was done so frequently that the score rolled up to 53-27.

Lick 19, Commercial 25.

February 12 saw a defeat for Lick when she played Commercial at the Y. M. H. A. Both sides were lacking in team work and the game was rough throughout. Lick made very few points on field goals, while Commercial, on the other hand, made very few on foul goals. On the whole, the game was not up to the usual standard of basketball.

Lick 35, Lowell 19.

The following Saturday, February 19, the last game of the season was played with Lowell at the Y. M. H. A. Captain Sparrowe and McHenry were unable to play and their places were filled by Mowder and Newhaus. The game was not very creditable to either school, although Lick showed greater ability in basket throwing. Westphal also played in this game.

BASEBALL.

The baseball team is rounding into form rapidly, and barring all accidents, the players should be in excellent trim when the league games commence. The team will probably be chosen from the following, who have all worked hard and faithfully: Barkis, Wynne, Messemer, Winter, Cormack, Henderson, Kahrt, Storey, Vieth, Black, Thornton, Barker, Taggart and P. Wetmore. Coach Kirby's knowledge of the game and his ability to instill this into the players, have been invaluable to the team and its development is mainly due to his untiring efforts. Games have been played with Berkeley, Alameda, Santa Clara College and others, and while not always on the long end of the score, the Lick team has made a very creditable showing. The first league game is with Lowell, and with the support of the Student Body the Lick team should come off the field victorious.

TRACK.

The track team, a squad between forty and fifty fellows, has begun active training. For the love of pure amateur sport, Albert Crossfield of U. C., assisted by John O. Miller, has given his services in coaching. With help so experienced and able, Captain Tooker expects to bring forth a winning team.

The season will be a very busy one. Manager Frank House is planning for four league meets besides an interclass field day, a couple of trips and possibly a dual meet with Lowell. To the Stanford Interscholastic, one of the most enjoyable meets of the year, a full team will be sent. Every one now has a chance to make the team, for Lick is sadly in need of pole vaulters, jumpers and weight and distance men. Also, show your spirit and create competition for places in the relay and shorter races. Do not fail to come out because you think you cannot make the big team. There are the interclass and the class teams, too, which might secure meets during the season with class teams of other schools.

Although only Dickson and Bell of last season's team are gone, they will be missed greatly. The veterans who remain are Rogers, Maynard and Captain Tooker in the sprints; Clark, Smith, Wallace, House, Rankin and Richardson in the distance, and Holman, Corker, Haffen in the field events. Having these as a foundation, with Walfish and Lenzen from Wilmerding, with the assistance of such competent coaches, the prospects for track will be promising if well supported by the Student Body.

SWIMMING.

On Friday evening, December 3, the A. A. L. swimming meet was held at Sutro Baths. The meet proved a decided success for the Lick team, which tied for second place with our old rival Lowell, making the best showing since the time of Bromley. The team trained faithfully and was in fine condition on the night of the meet, and a good rooting section turned out to back them.

In the 100-yard dash, Dreyer failed to place after a hard fight, but in the 220 Halbert swam a pretty race and beat out Meyer of Lowell in one of the most exciting events of the evening. In the 440-yard swim, Margo took second place after a hard fight with Sahlfield of Wilmerding, but turned the tables in the 880, easily defeating the Wilmerding swimmer.

The relay team, composed of Dreyer, Habert, Wetmore, Rohrback, Litchfield and Maunder, only succeeded in getting fourth place. At the end of the evening the score stood: Mission 13, Lick 9, Lowell 9, Wilmerding 8, Cogswell 5 and Polytechnic 1.

The team has been training hard at Sutro and Lurline Baths, and the prospects of being a winning team this spring are exceedingly good. Already a dual meet has been arranged with Boone's Academy of Berkeley. At the beginning of the season, Dreyer was elected captain and Rohrback manager. The team will be sorry to lose the services of the latter, who is now over the age prescribed by the rules of the league.

ALL-INTERCLASS FOOTBALL TEAM.

R. E., Margo, '10; R. T., T. Clark, '11; R. G., McNair, '11; C., L. Rankin, '10; L. G., Alsworth, '11; L. T., Calanachini, '12; L. E., Black, '11; R. H., J. Johnson, '10; F., Sommer, '10; L. H., Sexton, '11; and Q. B., Chapman, '11.

The above line-up was chosen with some difficulty by Captain Wetmore and Manager Sexton of the school team. Sexton showed a great deal of modesty about being selected for the position of left half-back on the team, but he was probably the best all-around player in the League. This selection of an all-star interclass team is the first time it has been tried in the school, and is a very good plan, because it encourages each one to try harder so as to get a position on the team. It also gives a good idea of the material on hand for filling up the vacant positions on the school teams next season.

Try to make the interclass League a success, because in doing that you not only help yourselves and your class, but your school as well. There is yet a team to be picked for track, baseball, swimming and basketball. See if your name will be there.

TECHNICAL

The Hydroplane

Howard G. Schemp, 1911.

The hydroplane can best be described as a craft that is half way between an aeroplane and a launch. Unlike either of them, it travels on a combination of air and water. Like the aeroplane, it depends on a certain amount of resistance for its speed, and like the launch, it must be operated on water. It has already risen from merely a scientific theory to an actual reality.

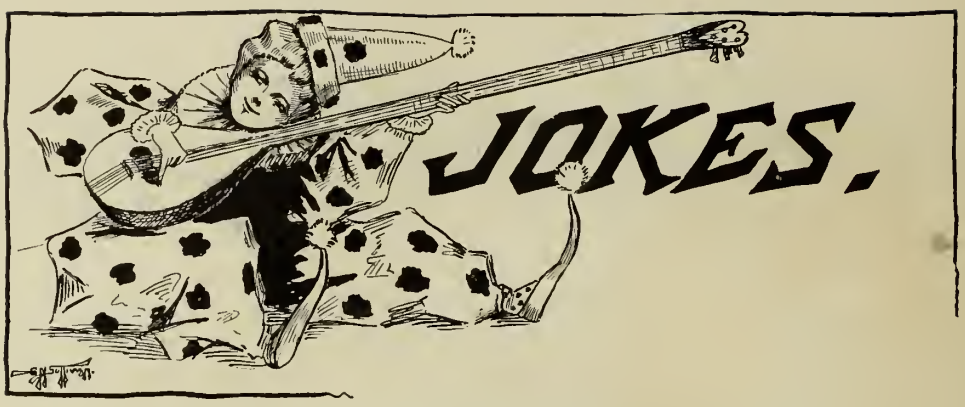
The hydroplane is a light hull which draws about six or eight inches of water when motionless. The bottom of this hull is constructed with from three to sixteen "humps" or "steps" which project downward about fifteen or twenty degrees from the horizontal. These "steps" point toward the rear of the hydroplane and extend across the breadth, which is usually about one-third or one-fourth of the length of the craft. At the inner corner of each "step" is a short pipe extending through the bottom, into the interior, and each pipe is fitted with a faucet or valve. The motive power, a light gasoline engine, is placed in the middle of the craft and connected to the propeller by a shaft that extends about two feet under water. The hull may or may not have a pointed bow. When the hydroplane is out of the water it has the appearance, from a side view, of a section of a huge ripsaw; the "steps" of the hull corresponding to the teeth of the saw.

The "steps" perform the same function as the planes of an aeroplane or the wings of a bird when it is soaring in the air. When the hydroplane is in motion a partial vacuum is formed, by suction, between the "steps" of the hull and short pipes are provided for the purpose of relieving this vacuum by admitting air. The pipes are fitted with valves because, if they were not closed when the craft was at a standstill, water would enter the hull through them.

When the hydroplane is ready to start, the operator starts the engine and the craft begins to move. The speed gradually increases until a rate of about seventeen miles per hour is reached, when it rises from the water. At this moment, the operator opens the valves of the pipes on the bottom of the hull and then the hydroplane rapidly builds up a phenomenal speed of from forty to sixty miles per hour, skimming along on a thin sheet of foam or spray.

The hydroplane has not yet reached America, most of the experiments having been made in France and Switzerland. On Lake Lucerne a sixteen-foot hydroplane recently developed a speed of forty miles per hour, and in France larger machines have made still higher speeds.

The main drawback of the hydroplane is that it can be operated only in reasonably smooth water; but this fault will eventually be overcome, just as aeroplanes have conquered winds to a great extent. The hydroplane will probably become very popular in the near future because it is cheaper and safer than an aeroplane and faster than the fastest launch or yacht.



This being the Woman's Edition of the Tiger, we—the editors—in order to comply with numerous requests of our readers, have secured the services of the famous Madame Fakum to edit a Beauty Corner. All queries will be cheerfully answered. Address correspondence to Madame Fakum.

MADAME FAKUM'S BEAUTY CORNER.—QUERIES, ANSWERS, TESTIMONIALS.

Dear Madame Fakum: I would appreciate it very much if you would put me on to a good recipe for my complexion.

Sincerely yours, AGNES FRASER.

Dear Aggie: I give you herewith the recipes of the famous beauties, Gilliland, Carmichael and Dreyer, who are world-renowned for their rosy cheeks:

$H\ N\ O_3$—2 parts.
Hydrofluoric acid—8 parts.
Ammonium hydroxide—3 parts.
Rose $H_2\ O$—1 part.
Benzine—23 parts.
Gasoline—13 parts.

A small chunk of creosote added makes an excellent smeller.

MADAME FAKUM.

Madame Fakum: Can you give me a successful method for curling my hair without the use of a curling iron or a warm nail?

Sincerely yours, MISS GILLETTE.

Dear Miss G.: The method of Prof. Messemer is believed to be the most successful, and least injurious to the head. His directions are as follows: "Ten successive nights' sleeping on a washboard will make anyone's hair curl. If excessive curls are desired for the bangs, it is advised to allow the hair to grow sufficiently long to be ironed with a fluting iron, when it may be trimmed to the required length. Of course, this applies only to the real article. The method of Prof. Brakeman is very successful for handling switches; gentlemen's toupees may be successfully curled by winding around a bedspring, and leaving over night. MADAME FAKUM.

Dear Madame Fakum: We, the undersigned, have acquired a greater surplus of corporation than we desire to pack around with us. Can you suggest an easy, convenient method of getting thin?

HOHMAN, WOODHAM and WOODS.

Dear H., W. and W.: The directions of Prof. Bonipart, if followed closely for two weeks, will relieve you of your trust. They are—stop eating.

MADAME FAKUM.

She's keeper of the Record Book.
You can tell it by her very look;
A mistress worthy of the task,
For in ability she cannot be surpassed.
Agnes and the Record Book!

"OH, YOU HAT!"

Tooker has a brand new lid,
He wears it on his dome;
His make-up is a rival now
To the original Salome.

"Did you get any marks at school today, son?"

"Yes, but they don't show."

"Say, sonny, can you tell me the time by your nose?"

"Naw, mine ain't runnin'!"

Testimonials.

Dear Madame Fakum: You're a good scout, all right. That there "Blush Cure" you put me wise to is all to the good. I only consumed four bottles of the stuff, and now I couldn't blush if I tried. It's an awful bitter beverage, though, ain't it?

Yours truly, AMY JANN.

My Dear Madame Fakum: I procured the "Blush Incentive" you so kindly recommended to me, and found it entirely to my satisfaction, with one exception. I have evidently indulged too freely, for the reddish hue of a blush will not disappear from my physiognomy. You see, it tasted so much like soda water that I drank it instead of water, when thirsty, and now I can't get the darned stuff out of my system. What would you advise?

Your humble friend, OSCAR SOMMER.

FLEECED!

Mary had a little lamb;
Its fleece was gone in spots,
For Mary fired her papa's gun,
And Lammy caught the shots.—Ex.

Patron—Niggah, that razuh's got a hack in it.

Barber—Well, what do you expect fo' a five-cent shave—a automobile?—Ex.

We hardly need tell,
The name we know well,
Of Sis, who's our charming vice-pres.
She can lead a good yell,
So I'll not on that dwell,
But say she's a dear, more not less.

TO OUR VALENTINES.

"Dutch" is dressed from his head to his toes
In a typical "Classy Boys' Clothes";
A good punter is he;
To that we'll agree,—
This,—even the "Freshy Class" knows!

"Lawrence Randall" will feel terribly hurt
When he hears that we call him "Mr. Purt."
Now we are not mean,
But he thinks he is "keen,"
And is known to us all as the "Twelve Class Flirt."

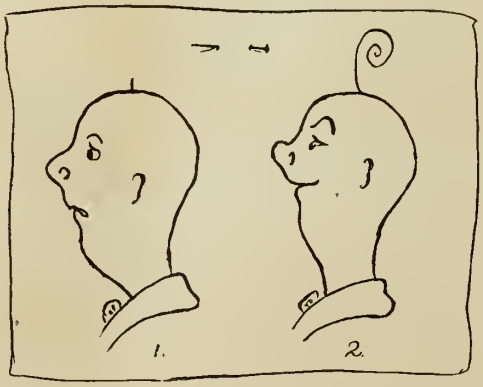
O, Shakespeare, great poet of England,
I'm certain you'd never have framed
That great speech, "To be or—," et cetera,
Had you known it would thus be declaimed
By "McNair," who appears in our schoolroom.
He has o'er our lives cast a blight;
Oh! Would we were freed forever
From him who thinks he can recite!

With hammer, tongs and dreadful drill
"Oehlman" makes our nerves with terror thrill;
Some day he will fall,
'Cause he thinks he knows all.
'Twill give him and us quite a chill.

Would one expect to find frivolty such as this in the teacher's dressing-room?—

This soap is respectfully dedicated to the Women Teachers. A suitable rally of appreciation will be announced later. It is new, it is violet, it is glycerine, it is to use. It is not expensive, it is not too cheap to use.

Use it.



Voluntary Testimonials.

1. Before using your soap my hair was short and stubby.
2. Now it is long and curly!

Sylvia is a lassie bright,
Has smiles for all who come in sight;
Recites with so much readiness;
Clever? Well, you'd better guess!
This little Sophy sprite.

Poetical Senior (writing home to Father)—

"Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
Send me ten dollars,
And I'll think of you."

Loving Father—

"Some roses are red,
Others are pink;
Enclosed find ten dollars—
I don't think."

Slow Senior—You are the breath of my life.
Miss (——)—Well, why don't you hold your breath awhile?

HEARD IN THE COOKING ROOM.

"The teakettle seems to be quite a singer," said the nutmeg grater. "It beats me; my voice is so rough."

"Me, too," replied the rolling pin; "I can't get beyond dough."

Nerve.

Mr. Plum was working rather a difficult example in "Trig." and asked the class to wait a second.

Voice From Rear—I got that far too, and had to wait an hour.

Time—12 o'clock.
Place—Sewing Room.
A sound of an explosion is heard.
Miss Crittenden—I wonder if McCarthy has fired another board!

Two mosquitoes lit upon their sleeping victim. Said one to the other:
"Let's stick him for the drinks."

Tommy—Oh, mama, here is a green snake.

Mama—Keep away from it, dear, it may be as dangerous as a ripe one.—Ex.

Here's Sophie, who's fair and quite ta
A wonder at playing basket-ball;
She's sweet and she's neat,
Also light on her feet,
And has ever a greeting for all.

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In all of the newest shades, including Grays, Tans and Fancy Blues.

Plain Coats.
Full Peg Trousers.

The latest things in Spring Furnishings and Hats.

Run in any time and see them.

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DOWN.

He made a run around the end,
  Was tackled from the rear;
The right guard sat upon his legs,
  The fullback on his ear.

The center sat upon his arms,
  Two ends sat on his chest;
The quarter and a halfback then
  Sat down on him to rest.

The left guard sat upon his head,
  A tackle on his face;
The Coroner was next called in
  To sit upon the case.

—Ex.

Hills Bros.

Highest Grade COFFEE

The parsons and preachers and Sunday School teachers,
And deacons all over the Coast,
They all of them think it not sinful to drink
A cup of Hills Bros. Roast.

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HARDWOODS

Miss Kay (Senior cooking class)—Are we supposed to cut all the bristle off this meat?

Bill Pappas

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WOOD AND COAL

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Miss Adams (in Freshman Hist.)—Order! Order!
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My Guarantee: Money Back if Dissatisfied

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Market St., Opp. 7th

A Visit Means a Regular Customer

He Didn't Have It.

Chilcote (in Trig.)—I couldn't get that second problem.

Mr. Plum—Of course not; that does not require any knowledge of trig.; only common sense.

Phone Mission 5069

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HALLS FOR RENT.

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G. R. PUCKETT

"STUNG."

"When you got your suit, that Christmas,
I remember well, don't you?
You wondered how she'd like it, when she saw you dressed up new,
And you pictured how you'd pass her, careless, sauntering along,
You'd tip your hat and smile at her, and whistle some old song,
And how she'd stare and wish that you, would walk with her to town,
And pass the other girls, who'd look at her, with envy and surprise,
And wish that you, would walk with them, and gaze into their eyes,
And when you got up courage and you really went to town,
And you met her with THAT FELLOW, your own chum, Jimmie Brown!
Gee, it's awful, ain't it, Billie, when your sweetheart throws you down?"

W. Waterman, '13.

Lunches Cornucopias Candy Coffee
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The place to relieve that hungry feeling.

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Don't forget that Kodak this year before vacation. We have them from $1.00 up. Our developing and printing is done right, and we pay you interest on the money you spend.

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METAL WINDOW FRAMES AND SASH

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Miss Southwick (to a couple of fellows in the back of the room reading TIGERS)—I wish you would please put up those papers; this is a course in English literature.

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That's nothing; in this country they have Presidential bees.

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O is for order which always they seek;
U is the unction which surely they keep;
R is for right, where they always score;
F is for fair, which they couldn't be more;
A is for ardor with which they teach;
C is for countless themes in their reach;
U is for unity they urge in our school;
L is the loyalty we have as a rule;
T is for tact which they always employ;
Y is for youth which they teach and enjoy.

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Junior—All the same, you're no good till punched!—Ex.

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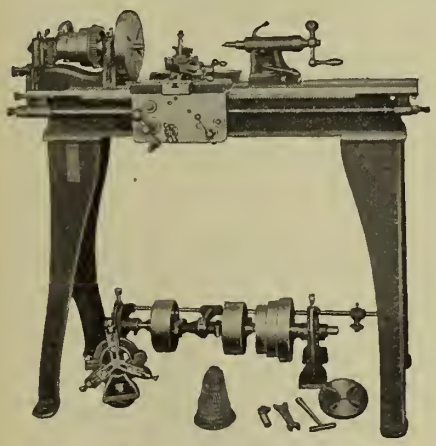

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The man who sits on the pointed end of a tack is sure to get off a sharp thing.

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TRACK SUPPLIES
510 MARKET ST.,
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HE CAME FROM LICK.

A man there lived in lands afar,
Was often asked to make or mend,
Design a church, construct a car,
A house to build, a forge to tend;
His work was good, they saw it tried,
Alert he was, responsive, quick;
They asked him why; the man replied
"I studied in my youth at Lick."

—"Colonel," '10.

IN DAYS OF OLD.

Sir Jim, a knight,
In armor bright,
Took tea with Lady Bowsers.
With manner free
She spilt some tea
And rusted Jim's best trousers.—Ex.

Little Tommy Burns
Sits upon a stone—
Little Tommy Burns.

Little Tommy Burns
Didn't go to Heaven—
Little Tommy Burns.—Ex.

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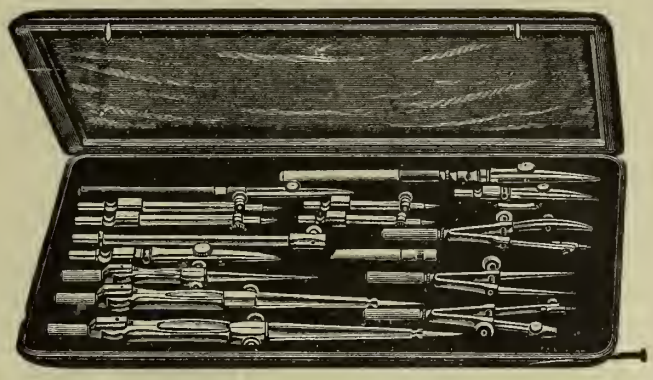

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TAILORED SUITS

in plain tailored effects made from Shepherd checks, fancy weaves, novelty materials and plain colorings in serge and cloths.

The styles for the season are particularly pleasing and not exaggerated in either fabrics or cut—the coats are materially shorter, made with shawl collar or notch lapels with graceful lines—the skirts are largely full-pleated.

These garments are strictly man-tailored and many are cut from the same materials and made as the tailor makes a gentleman's suit.

Tailored Suits
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Tailored Coats
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To give attention and respect
A man must be impressed,
Good clothes are quite essential, and—
"The Hastings" has the best!

If you desire a perfect suit
Or just a sweater vest,
We state with frank sincerity
"The Hastings" has the best!

Some overcoats are cut to fit
And some are simply pressed,
For workmanship and fine design
"The Hastings" has the best!

A hat to wear in rain or shine,
A hat for any test,
Must bear the mark of quality,
"The Hastings" has the best!

Without a stylish shirt and tie
A man is hardly dressed,
In every handsome shade and style
"The Hastings" has the best!

The shoes that give you perfect ease
When walking or at rest,
Are those that look and feel just right,
"The Hastings" has the best!

In everything for boys and men
Permit us to suggest,
"The Hastings" is the place, because
"The Hastings" has the best!

Its name has stood for fifty years
Unchallenged in the West,
Its pride shall always be to prove
"The Hastings" has the best!

HASTINGS CLOTHING CO.

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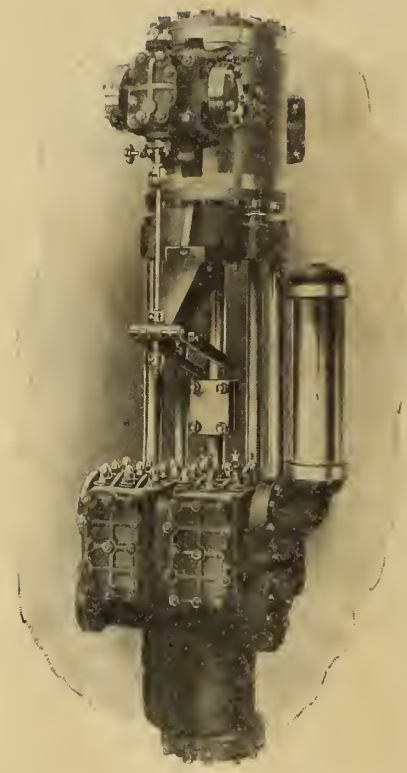

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Mrs. H.—My son, it makes me sick at heart to see you smoking.
Henry—That's funny. It seems to catch me right in the stomach.—Ex.

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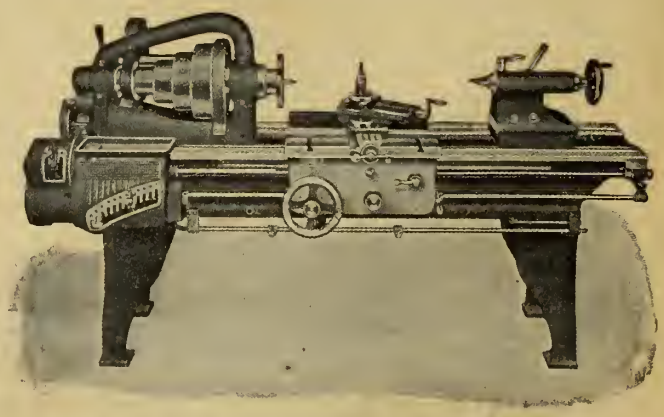

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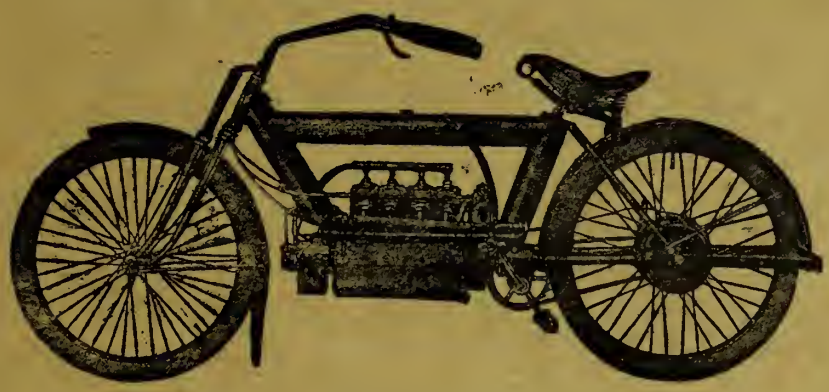

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THE FOUR CYLINDER

The Pierce four cylinder is the only machine of its kind in the world. Among its numerous superior features are, the four cylinder engine, shaft drive, automatic oiling system, large tubing frame, two speeds, free engine, sliding gear transmission, magneto ignition, simple control and accessibility of all parts. The engine has 7 H. P. and with the two speed gear it is able to climb smoothly any hill that may be encountered.

Perfect material and Pierce workmanship have combined to make this the most complete and most refined product offered to the motorcycling public.

THE SINGLE CYLINDER.

The Pierce Single Cylinder motorcycle, with its high powered, long stroke motor, marks a notable innovation in one-cylinder construction. This is a machine which runs with an almost total absence of vibration, and for ordinary city or country use it has the quiet, smooth action for which motorcycles to date have not been noted. But better than all this it is a machine which climbs the mountain side and does it with the same absence of labor which marks its running on level roads. Always smooth and easy running, always powerful to follow the steepest roadway—what more can be asked? We offer in every detail the best that "Piercecraft" affords.

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A motor of 5 H. P. having a long stroke (4″), motor equipped with double annular ball-bearings; large tubing frame; magneto ignition; wide flat belt, with free engine effect; simple grip control.

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STYLE ORIGINATORS TO THE YOUTH OF COLLEGE.

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CLOTHES HABERDASHERY HEADWEAR